

VOL. 14.

GREENCASTLE, INDIANA, TUESDAY, JANUARY 27, 1920.

THE WEATHER: CLOUDY; MUCH COLDER.

AUTO THEIVES ROB STORE AT MT. MEREDIAN

GOODS VALUED AT NEAR \$1,000
TAKEN ON MONDAY NIGHT—
ENTRANCE IS GAINED BY
BREAKING IN A FRONT
WINDOW—TAKE STOLEN
PROPERTY AWAY IN MACHINE

ATTEMPT TO STEAL CAR ALSO

Auto thieves broke into the Albert Tischer store at Mt. Meridian on Monday night and stole merchandise valued at between \$1,000 and \$1,200. The thieves entered the store through a front window, which was broken. The front door then was unlocked and the merchandise carried to their automobile, which was standing in the middle of the road. Shoes, auto tires, auto tubes, cigars, tobacco, work shirts, socks and other merchandise was stolen.

After robbing the store the thieves attempted to steal the Maxwell automobile, owned by Fred Tischer, who lives about a quarter of a mile east of the store. Fred Tischer is a brother of Albert.

Tischer had left his car standing at the side of the road, but had taken out the switch key. The thieves had attempted to start the car by attaching a rope to it and pulling it down the road behind their car. They pulled it a quarter of a mile east of the house before they abandoned their attempt to start it. It is believed that the robbery occurred at near 3 o'clock Tuesday morning. Mrs. Ed Stone, who lives east of the store was awakened by a noise at near that time and saw a large automobile pulling another car behind it. The cars were going east. Later she saw the big car pass the house again, this time going west.

REAL ESTATE TRANSFERS

United States to Andrew Byerly, 80 acres of land in Russell township. John F. Bartlett to Amanda A. Stewart, 2 lots in Roachdale, \$1,500. City of Greencastle to James W. Cole, lot in Forest Hill cemetery, \$250.00. John E. Dawson to Ed. L. Kersey, 158 acres in Washington township, \$5,000. Tilman E. Job to William H. Asher, 40 acres in Cloverdale township, \$3,000. Harvey M. Coulter to Frances M. Cornell, 160 acres in Cloverdale township, \$9,000.

MAPLE HILL

Brother Brewer will be at Longbranch the fourth Lord's day in February. Mrs. Andrew Johnson, who has been suffering with erysipelas is some better. Rupert Kruze is very sick with rheumatism. Mrs. Ransom Ellis fell and broke her hip one day last week. She had been sick which left her in a very weak condition. Thinking that she was strong enough to walk without assistance she got up from her chair and began to walk, but her strength gave out, causing her to fall, breaking her hip. Ice everywhere is causing the farmers some extra work keeping their stock up and carrying water and feed for them. Dr. Hutcheson was called to L. M. Wright, Sunday, to see Rupert Kruze, and while attempting to go up the Wm. Gowen, his machine refused to go to the top, and the doctor had to walk the rest of the way. Ola Ellis got in a ditch near Wm. Gowen's Sunday night and had to get Fred John's team to get him out.

Ralph Knoll and Elmer Blue of the county auditor's office are still unable to be at work and their places are still being temporarily filled by Benton, ex-deputy auditor.

POLITICAL GOSSIP FROM WASHINGTON

WASHINGTON, Jan. 27.—Representative Everett Sanders of Terre Haute, Indiana, has returned from his visit to France with only the greatest praise for the manner in which the War Department is caring for the graves of American soldiers.

In a letter to Secretary Baker, Mr. Sanders has the following to say:

"I just returned from France where I visited some of the battlefields. I saw four American cemeteries in the regions of Soissons, Chateau Thierry and Belleau Woods. I want to take this opportunity of praising the work of the Graves Registration Division in connection with these cemeteries. The cemeteries were enclosed with neat substantial fencing and great care has been taken to mark all graves and some one was on guard at each cemetery and a fine American flag was unfurled on a high flag staff in the center."

In reply to this letter, Secretary Baker wrote as follows:

"Your brief letter of the 19th reaches me this afternoon and it moves me profoundly. The work of gathering in the dead of our army from the isolated and sometimes inaccessible spots where they fell and where they were hastily buried by their companies, has been and is a work requiring so much patience, care and perseverance that its accomplishment has been very much on my mind."

"In a work such proportions and of such difficulty, there will undoubtedly be distressing mistakes and the inevitable destructiveness of war will make undeviable the fresh wounding of many relatives who request the return of their loved ones from overseas; but I am happy indeed to learn of the impression made upon you by the cemeteries which you visited."

"I know, moreover, that the parents of the boys who lie near Soissons, Chateau Thierry and Belleau Woods will wish to have also the reassurance which you bring, and therefore, I take the liberty of permitting the representative of the press to see your letter. I am forwarding a copy to the Adjutant General of the army also, in order that the reference to the work of the Graves Registration service may be made a part of the permanent record of the Department."

The little incident again has shown the wide differences of political activities of some of the Indiana members. Only recently, Representative Bland of Indiana was instrumental in having large delegations of parents and relatives of dead soldiers come to Washington in an endeavor to force immediate return of the bodies of soldiers.

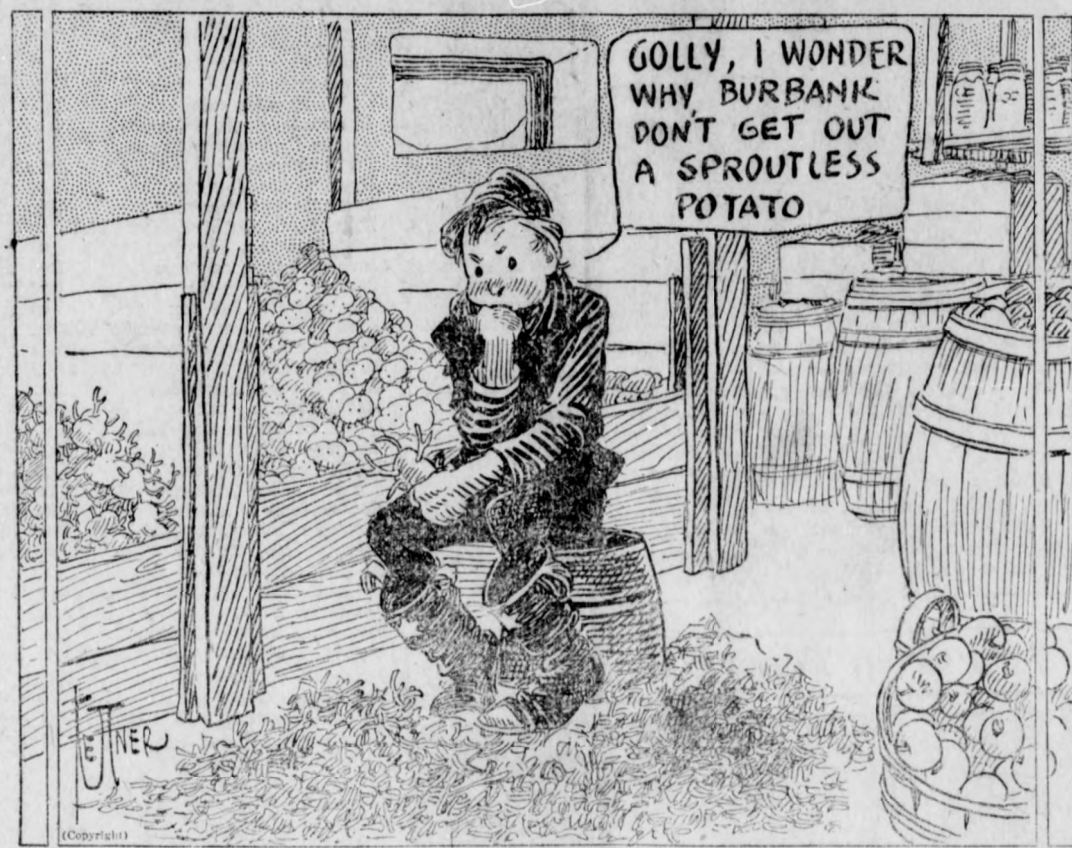
It was shown conclusively at the time that every effort had been made and was being continued to get the bodies back as quickly as possible. The agents of the War Department and the State Department have been active in trying to force the French government to release some of the bodies for immediate return and bodies not controlled by French legislative action are being prepared for return at once, some already having arrived in this country.

Despite this information which he might have had without great trouble, Bland insisted to these persons that if they would insist, the bodies of all soldiers would be returned at once. Chagrin and even anger resulted when it was learned by these men and women that they were being made the victims of an effort to gain political advantage and that everything that could be done already had been done to return these bodies.

Since that time, Mr. Bland has made no open apology to the persons he may have offended or at the very least, may have caused great inconvenience in making a useless trip to Washington.

Mr. Sanders' record in the House has been one worthy of the praise it has received. Only once has he been severely criticized in his attempts to do something and that was during consideration of railroad legislation when Republican members denounced an attempt to get extremely fine financial considerations for the rail-

The Thinker



roads in the legislation. Sanders favored these provisions.

Mr. Bland's record has been one which could be discovered only by deep investigation. It comprised a trip to France during which he gave an outing to his political campaign manager at government expense and out of which grew nothing constructive. That completes his record except for the very occasional note that he was present during a House session.

IOWA EDITOR SECRETARY OF AGRICULTURE

WASHINGTON, Jan. 27.—Elihu T. Meredith, of Iowa, editor of Successful Farming, will be named secretary of agriculture to succeed Secretary David F. Houston, who is to become secretary of the treasury in the place of Carter Glass.

Mr. Glass will become a member of the senate by appointment to succeed Senator Martin, of Virginia, who died several weeks ago.

Secretary Houston is the first member of Secretary Wilson's cabinet to be transferred from one department to another, although there have been a number of resignations from the cabinet.

JOHN W. COOPER, PIONEER CONTRACTOR OF CITY, DEAD

John W. Cooper, a contractor who had lived in Indianapolis more than forty years, died Monday at his home 1523 Broadway, after an illness of more than a year following a stroke of paralysis. Funeral services will be held from the home Wednesday at 2 p. m., with burial at Crown Hill cemetery.

Mr. Cooper was born at Greencastle, November 25, 1842. He was a captain in the 43rd Indiana volunteers in the civil war. Mr. Cooper came to Indianapolis more than forty years ago, engaging in the contracting business. He was treasurer of the Union Asphalt and Construction Company.

A daughter, Mrs. Marguerite Cooper Fitch of Indianapolis; three brothers, J. K. Cooper and W. H. Cooper, of Indianapolis, and C. S. Cooper, of Raritan, Ill., and a sister, Mrs. Anna Lane, of Cloverdale, survive him.—Indianapolis News.

Because of the bad weather and much illness, the Jubilee meeting, which was to have been held at the Christian church Thursday evening at 7:30 o'clock, has been called.

DEPAUW NEWS

Student activities at DePauw this week are confined to "cramming" for the final examinations and three meals a day—with an occasional dish at the University shop. Sleep is not provided for in the seven days' curriculum—it is replaced by strong coffee and tea, both of which play an important role.

Everything in the way of social functions has been discontinued in order that the final examinations may have the full attention of all this week.

The regular chapel exercises have been discontinued this week as a mark of respect to "old king quiz." The DePauw Daily, the school's only outlook on the cruel world, has been compelled to stop its faithful service and its staff to turn their worldly thoughts to Green, Latin, ancient history, and other absorbing subjects. Even the daily campus dates, yes, even the very college bell have been stricken by the very presence of his "majesty" who is now paying his bi-annual visit to the institution. Former over seas men are now entreaching themselves behind desks piled high with text books and barbed wire entanglements of electric light wire. The whole night through they prepare for the morrow when they are once more to go over the top and assail the common enemy—ignorance.

Nightly conferences are held and plans for attacking the enemy discussed. The works of General Knowledge are constantly used in planning the campaign for the morrow. Sometimes the use of cavalry, made up of small ponies, is considered. After the quiz the worn and haggard hero betakes himself to the University Shop, usually for a good, strong cup of coffee or perhaps a "coke." After a little of the glory has worn off he returns to his sector, and begins enforcing his entrenchments for the next great encounter which may come that very afternoon or at any rate next morning.

HOG RECEIPTS, 11,000; PRICES OFF 15 TO 25c

Indianapolis Receipts—Hogs, 11,000; cattle, 1,100; calves, 400; sheep, 200.

Hog prices dropped 15 to 25 cents today at the Indianapolis stockyards. General sales were at 16.00 to 16.25. Extremely heavy hogs sold at \$15.75. Pigs went at \$15.00 down. Local packers took 6,500 of the run and shippers to outside packers cleared the pens.

Female cattle were strong; steers, steady; calves were 50 cents higher and sheep steady.

Joe Brackney of Clinton township, who suffered a severe attack of acute indigestion recently, is much better today.

PLANES TO LOOK FOR VESSEL IN LAKE ICE FLOE

CHICAGO, Jan. 27.—Owners of the steamer Sydney O. Neil today planned to use airplanes in searching for the craft, which was swept out into the lake with breaking ice packs after having been held prisoner more than a week. An all-night search by coast guards and lighthouse keepers with powerful searchlights was without result.

[To the mystery surrounding the whereabouts of six men, five of whom were members of the Neil's crew, who tried to reach the boat by walking the four miles over breaking ice, today was added that of a seventh man. Nothing had been heard from Edward Williams, a photographer, since he started for the Neil.

AMERICA'S CHURCHES GAIN 2,779,667 NEW MEMBERS

NEW YORK, Jan. 26.—America's churches have gained nearly 3,000,000 members since the last church census was taken in 1916, but there has been a marked decrease in the number of Sunday schools and Sunday school pupils according to the "Year Book of Churches," which will be issued tomorrow by the Federal Council of Churches of Christ in America.

HIGH SCHOOL NOTES

The basketball team will go to Bainbridge Wednesday night and play the B. H. S. five.

The tickets for the Lyman Howe moving picture show to be given Wednesday afternoon and night in the high school auditorium are selling rapidly. The town has been well canvassed and big audiences are looked for at both entertainments. The afternoon matinee will begin at 3:15 o'clock. The evening performance at 7:45 o'clock. The entertainment this year far surpasses any show the Howe Company have ever given, and with its many added attraction this year the Greencastle citizens and students should be highly pleased. The 1920 annual staff is bringing the entertainment to Greencastle in order to defray some annual expenses.

Mrs. Ethridge E. Buis of Fillmore was in this city today, the guest of her daughter, Miss Marie Buis, who is employed in the county agent's office.

LOCAL NEWS

Beatrice Nelson, the eleven-year-old daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Walter Nelson, is seriously ill at the home of her parents who reside on South College avenue.

Dr. W. W. Tucker, who has been ill for the past two weeks, is back in his office again today.

Mrs. George Lipps of Indianapolis is spending a few days with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. H. C. Rudick, who reside on South Indiana street.

Mr. and Mrs. Alga Handy of near Bainbridge are the parents of a baby girl, born January 24.

Miss Mary Black and Miss Jesse Black of Cloverdale, are suffering the first cases of influenza to be reported in this county this winter.

Miss Marie Merryweather left on the noon train today for Chicago where she is engaged in Red Cross work. Miss Merryweather arrived in this city a few days ago with her sister, Miss Etzel Merryweather, who recently underwent a serious operation at the St. Luke's hospital in Chicago.

The Martha Washington Club will meet Wednesday afternoon at 2:30 o'clock with Mrs. Alice Halton at her home at 423 Anderson street.

Messages were received here this morning telling of the death in Indianapolis of John W. Cooper, a former Greencastle resident and a brother of the late Mrs. T. C. Grooms of this city. Mr. Cooper was well known by the older residents of Greencastle.

The east section of the Ladies' Aid of the Locust street church will meet Wednesday afternoon with Mrs. Charles Ewan at 2:30 o'clock. Members will please take needles and thimbles.

The condition of Dick Bowen of Putnamville, who has been ill several years of paralysis, is reported to have taken a critical turn.

Dr. C. T. Zaring spent the day in Indianapolis on business.

Mrs. Rachael Parker, who resides on Beveridge street, is confined to her home on account of illness.

ROACHDALE

Those from a distance who attended the funeral of Asa A. Green, Sunday, were C. C. Green of Greencastle, Mr. and Mrs. Lee Ayers and Mr. and Mrs. Omer Britton of Indianapolis, and Frank Edwards of Bainbridge.

Fay Anderson of DePauw spent Sunday with his grandmother, Mrs. Wain and family.

Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Crosby entertained, Sunday, their son, Claude and his friends, Mr. Evans and Mr. Pfeiffer of Purdue, who attended the Purdue-DePauw game at Greencastle on Saturday night.

The Farmers' Institute that was held here was a great success, and the best held for a number of years. The crowd was larger considering the icy roads, but the farmers are interested in this good work. Mr. Madigan and Mrs. Stanley held the attention of the crowd throughout their speeches. The county superintendent also gave an interesting talk for the betterment of the rural schools. The high school music was a pleasing feature. The Home Economics class offered cash prizes of one dollar for first, and fifty cents for second best articles in the following classes: Plain sewing, Mrs. Julia Tobin, first; Mrs. Mary Anderson, second; embroidery, Mrs. Chas. Crosby, first; Miss Julia Tobin, second; choicet, Miss Letha Hedges, first; Mrs. Waller Ford, second; White cake, Mrs. Mary Anderson, first; dark cake, Mrs. Chas. Crosby, first; Mrs. George Swain, second. The following officers were elected for next year: John T. Sutherland, president; Mr. Davis, secretary; Charles Edwards, treasurer.

BERLIN GUARDS AGAINST THREAT OF AN UPRISING

BERLIN, Jan. 27.—Heavy patrols of soldiers guarded the government buildings last night and stopped all traffic over the streets in that neighborhood, where barricades were thrown up by the troops before night fall. Rumors were heard during the evening that monarchists had planned an uprising today, which is the birthday of Emperor William, and that Gustav Noske, minister of defense, had massed troops as a precautionary measure.

While government officials have denied any knowledge of an intended insurrection and said the attack on Matthias Erzberger, minister of finance, yesterday prompted the mobilization of forces, it is declared that authorities sought to forestall action on the part of the supporters of the imperial regime. It was reported last night that attacks against the independent Socialists and radicals were planned as the first step in the monarchist coup.

Deep indignation over the attack on Herr Erzberger was expressed in a proclamation issued last night, the attempted assassination being called a "criminal excess of political warfare."

The proclamation said that it was hoped the deed would arouse the anger of the general public and promised to protect every one against violence. Sympathetic inquiries were made at the Erzberger home by the Italian and British charges and President Ebert telegraphed condolence to the wounded minister.

BAINBRIDGE, ROUTE 1.

D. N. Clodfelter was in Crawfordsville on Tuesday.

Mr. and Mrs. Earl Sutherland were in Greencastle Saturday afternoon. Lyle McGaughey and family and Guy Sutherland and family were entertaining at dinner last Sunday by Mr. and Mrs. Witt Sutherland.

Elmer Clodfelter was in Crawfordsville one day last week. Mrs. Clodfelter and sons, Kenneth, Lee and Willard accompanied him as far as Russellville where they spent the day with her mother.

Gra Sutherland was in Morton, Saturday.

Mrs. Albert Gardner took first at Morton Saturday afternoon.

Oscar Martin, Otha Hales and wife were Sunday afternoon callers at Elmer Clodfelter's.

MALTA

Mrs. Alice Ransom and Mrs. Marie Lawson and son, Allan, spent last Thursday with Mrs. Sam Campbell, Mr. and Mrs. Alva Wright and son, Tommie, visited relatives near Amo last Sunday.

Miss Ruth Morgan has been out of school a week on account of sickness.

Mrs. Anna Goodwin spent a couple of days with her daughter, Mrs. Mary Hunter.

Mrs. Rebecca Snuck and Mrs. Mollie Goodwin attended the Ladies' Aid Society at Gilmore last Thursday afternoon.

Lloyd Campbell of Fillmore called on his brother, Sam Campbell, last Tuesday morning.

Mr. and Mrs. Alva Wright and sons Merle and Thomas, called at Will Shucks last Saturday night.

Mrs. Eva Walls attended the club, given by Mrs. Allen Campbell last Thursday in Coatesville.

Mrs. Grace Wright called on Mrs. Morgan last Friday afternoon.

Merle Wright visited with Floyd Davis one night last week.

Miss Dorothea Barnaby, who has been spending the winter in Chicago studying music, will come to Greencastle on Thursday. On Sunday, Mrs. C. H. Barnaby and Miss Barnaby will leave for an extended trip through Texas, Louisiana and California. Mr. Barnaby will join them in California early in March.

HILL'S CASCARA QUININE BROMIDE

Standard cold remedy for 20 years—breaks up a cold in 24 hours—relieves grip in 3 days. Money back if it fails. The genuine box has a Red top with Mr. Hill's picture.

At All Drug Stores

POLITICAL ANNOUNCEMENT

FOR SHERIFF—Edward H. Eitle-jorge announces to the Democratic voters that he is a candidate for the nomination of sheriff of Putnam county, subject to the decision of the primary election, May 4.

FOR SHERIFF—Allen Eggers, of Jackson township, announces that he is a candidate for the Democratic nomination for sheriff of Putnam county, subject to the decision of the Primary election, May 4, 1926.

FOR SHERIFF—Vernandes C. Hurst of Greencastle announces to the Democratic voters of Putnam county that he is a candidate for the nomination of sheriff, subject to the decision of the Democratic primary, May 4, 1926.

FOR SHERIFF—Will Gildewell, of Warren township, announces that he is a candidate for sheriff of Putnam county, subject to the decision of the Democratic primary election, May 4, 1926.

FOR SHERIFF OF PUTNAM COUNTY—Sue vote for Jess. M. Hamrick, at the Democratic primary, May 4, 1926. Your vote appreciated.

FOR COUNTY COMMISSIONER—For commissioner of Second district, Reese R. Buis of Marion township announces his candidacy for commissioner of the Second district, subject to the decision of the Democratic primary election, May 4, 1926.

HERALD

Entered as Second Class mail matter at the Greencastle, Ind., postoffice. Charles J. Arnold, Proprietor. PUBLISHED EVERY AFTERNOON Except Sunday at 17 and 19 S. Jackson Street, Greencastle, Ind.

TELEPHONE 65

SUBSCRIPTION RATES

(By Mail Strictly in Advance)

One Year\$3
Four Months\$1
Less than four months.....10c a week

(By Carrier in City)

One Week10c
Single Copies2c

Weekly Herald-Democrat

One Year\$1
Six Months60c
Three Months35c
Single Copies5c

Cards of Thanks.

Cards of Thanks are chargeable at a rate of 50c each.

Obituaries.

All obituaries are chargeable at the rate of \$1 for each obituary. Additional charge of 5c a line is made for all poetry.

Calculations

"Let me see," said the young man, thoughtfully, "I've got to buy some flowers, and some confectionery, and some perfume, and some theater tickets; and—"

"Doing mental arithmetic?" gently inquired his fellow-worker at the next desk.

"No. Sentimental arithmetic."

A new reform: Why publish the age of the dead? It not only in many cases contradicts what the deceased always claimed through life, but adds to the sorrow of those sisters who are known to be older.

5% PER CENT FEDERAL FARM LOAN—We invite you to come in and investigate the Federal Farm Loan. The loan that never comes due. Thirty-four and one-half years' time if you like. Can be paid off any time. No renewals with big commissions. Total cost is only 1 per cent. We are loaning on an average about \$60,000 every month. Your neighbor has a Government Loan—ask him; investigate all other loans, then see us. Avoid the loan sharks. Your Government will treat you square; we will save you money and can convince you—come in, let's talk it over.—Fouts Bros Realty Co.

The "No Breakfast" Fad

No faddist is so "set" as a food faddist. Here is held dear the "precious right of private haziness." There is no other fad that saps more energy than the "no breakfast" plan. One of the strongest arguments against it is the necessity which it entails of a hearty meal at the noon hour when time and energy are at a premium for the accomplishment of work aside from digestion.

Praise and Encouragement

In helping to train a family of five boys I had the greatest difficulty inculcating an idea of politeness or even the necessity for it. "Oh, what's the use?" I heard where I had been particularly emphatic in insisting on good manners.

Their father was a polite man—exceedingly easy and polished in his bearing, and they associated with children of the best families in town. All this proved unavailing.

One day I was looking out of my window and chanced to see one of the younger boys, eight years old, put his hand to his cap as some ladies passed him. I confidently believed it was accidental, but spoke of it casually, letting him think I believed he did so habitually. It was the same when he came into my sitting room and took off his hat to fan with. I noticed his politeness—saying how pleased I was at his thoughtfulness, and there was never any more trouble on that score. He, and the others, from the force of suggestion and a sense of rivalry, never failed to remove their caps on proper occasions, politely and not grudgingly as of old, as though yielding to superior force.

ANCHOVY EGGS.

Hard boil as many eggs as there will be breakfasters, and take out the yolks carefully, whole. Toast some pieces of bread which have been cut daintily small and spread with anchovy paste (which can be bought in a tin) or with home-deviled ham. Make a little hollow in the center of each toast square and put it in a hot egg yolk. Chop the white, mix with a cup of nicely seasoned white sauce to be passed. Arrange the toast squares on a platter surrounding a mound of fresh watercress. As each receives his portion he helps himself to the cream sauce.

Or some morning have French eggs made in this way: Have a cup of thick tomato which has been cooked with just two slices of onion, finely minced, and half a green pepper, also cut small. Spread this on squares of buttered toast. Have a pan of water boiling like a keyser, which stir around quickly in a circle. Into this drop an egg quickly from the shell. It must be done quickly, all together. The motion of the water will convert the egg into a little ball, the white only visible. Lay an egg so prepared on each piece of toast and serve at once. Vinegar and salt may be added to the water to slightly season the egg in advance. Creamed eggs are as dainty to look upon as they are satisfying if prepared in the usual way, and then baked in little individual dishes with bread crumbs and butter on top. Each dish should be decorated appetizingly with a sprig of cress or parsley.

FOR HARD-WEAR SKIRTS.

When making a serge skirt that is to have hard wear, try the effect of lining the front breadth. Lined skirts are seldom seen nowadays and would be much too heavy for summer; but one that has no lining is very apt to wrinkle across the front, especially if it fits well over the hips. When cutting the front breadth, cut with a piece of silk, satin or some very thin lining and proceed to make up the skirt in the usual way.

You will be surprised to see how much longer your skirt lasts, and how much nicer it looks to the very end if it is lined in this way.

DOMESTIC TRAGEDIES.

The bride, she made a nice meat pie, Then in the parlor sat. Whereat the pie was eaten by Her Maltese cat.

And then the bride began to cry, But hubby told her that She needn't cry, he'd go and buy Another cat.

The bride, she made a tin of rolls Upon the Vassar plan; They were as hard as hardest coals—Alas, poor man!

He tossed her poodle, on the sly, That geologic food; The dog did die, he had to buy Another poodle.

—Louisville Courier-Journal.

For Hand-Run Tucks.

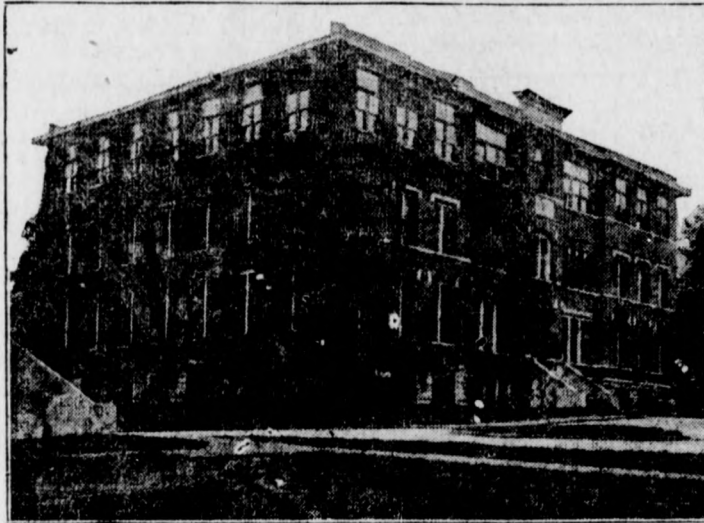
If you want hand-run tucks, erase the first tuck as if for machine tucking and adjust the tucker, but do not thread the needle, then run the tucker; the needle will leave a distinct line along which to run your hand sewing; the marker, also, leaves a line for the next tuck; sew each tuck as it comes from the marker.

For Soorched Goods.

If you should scorch any uncolored goods, such as linen, percale, etc., dip instantly in vinegar, then wash and rinse well.

APRICOT TAPIOCAL—Soak one cupful of fine tapioca for two hours in sufficient cold water to cover. Drain, put into a double boiler with one-quarter of a cupful of sugar and the syrup drained from a can of apricots, adding boiling water sufficient to give three cupfuls of liquid. Add one-half of a teaspoonful of salt and cook until transparent. Cut each piece of apricot into three and put in layers in a pudding dish with the cooked tapioca. Bake for half an hour in a moderate oven and serve with cream.

Named for First I. U. President



While Indiana University is preparing a fitting celebration for next spring in honor of its One Hundredth year, it is interesting to note that one of the oldest buildings yet standing on the University campus is Wylie Hall, named in honor of the first president of the University, Dr. Andrew Wylie. This is not one of the notable buildings today, but it is among the nearest to the hearts of the older graduates. It was the largest and finest of the buildings of a generation ago, and was the center of university life from about 1883 to 1895. The departments of chemistry and mathematics are the only ones occupying Wylie Hall at present. "Old Grads" find in Wylie Hall the local habitation of the exploits and dreams of their youth, and this building will be the center of interest for them during the Centennial.

Where Great Editors May Be Made



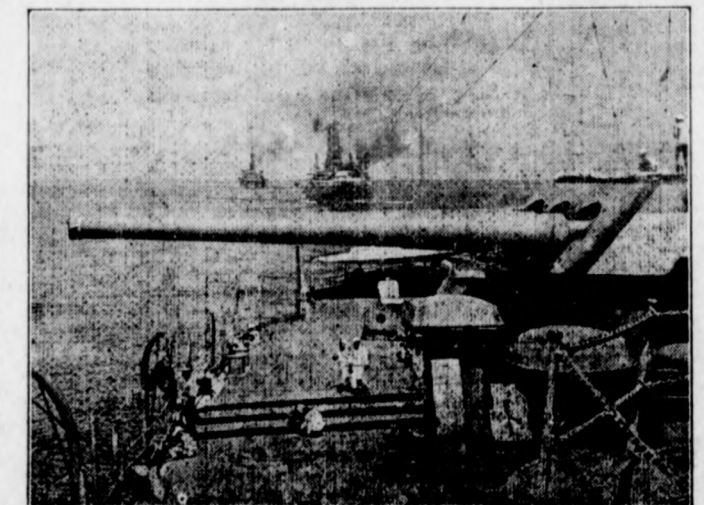
"PRINT SHOP" AT INDIANA UNIVERSITY

While other members of the faculty are "teaching the young idea how to shoot," Prof. J. W. Piercy, head of the department of Journalism at Indiana University is training a class of forty or more young men and young women in the intricacies of newspaper work. The print shop is well equipped and issues the Indiana Daily Student—fondly called the "W. G. C. D."—which being interpreted means "The World's Greatest College Daily." One of the greatest honors that can come to a student at I. U. is to attain the exalted position of editor-in-chief of the Daily Student. The position this year is held by Frank H. Level while G. Dallas Newton is managing editor and Miss Rowena Harvey is city editor. Members of the staff of the Daily Student are taking a vigorous part in boosting the University's Centennial program for next spring.



U.S. NAVY

With the Fleet



When you can look out over the stern of a big dreadnaught and see a line of regular battle-ships following in battle formation, you just can't help swelling up and letting out a couple of man-sized roars.

A fair sea, a good breeze, and a line of battleships making fifteen to twenty knots, present the most inspiring sight any man can ask on this earth. Living with such experiences turns boys into men, gives them a grip on life, makes real stuff of them. They work hard, they play hard, and we know that, if necessary, they can fight hard.

Learn about your wonderful Navy. Be proud of it. It is respected by every country in the world. And it is yours; every bit your Navy.



The U. S. Navy is the Forearm of the Nation. It is your property, your first line of defense. Know about it; read about it; see it. If possible serve in it.

TRUSTEE'S ANNUAL REPORT

Township Trustee's Annual report to Advisory Board of Franklyn township, Putnam County, Indiana.

Receipts	
Roachdale Bank, interest	22.96
Putnam County Treas.	1,028.78
Roachdale Bank, interest	12.32
Heavens Bros, sale of stove	.80
Roachdale Bank, interest	9.10
Roachdale Bank, borrowed	3,500.00
Roachdale Bank, interest	3.21
Roachdale Bank, interest	5.60
D. A. Smith, dog tax	3.00
Omer C. Aker, dog tax	509.00
Geo. Holland, dog tax	3.00
Rady Bros., dog tax	.00
Roachdale School, sale	52.20
G. W. Hennon, sale	3.00
Roachdale Bank, interest	3.46
Arthur C. Perkins, dog tax	3.00
Frank Pence, dog tax	3.00
Hyatt Shuee, dog tax	3.00
Perry Gordon, dog tax	3.00
Fred. Masten, distribution	15,546.99
John Huffman, dog tax	3.00
Howard Lame, dog tax	3.00
Scott Terry, dog tax	3.00
Eli Anderson, dog tax	3.00
Fred Masten, school revenue	1,085.52
John T. Sutherland, overcharge	25.00
L. E. Michael, refund	50.00
H. E. McCloud, dog tax	3.00
H. E. Hall, dog tax	3.00
Oscar Summers, dog tax	5.00
Wm. Lee, docket fee	1.00
E. O. Carter, dog tax	3.00
Roachdale Bank, interest	13.69
Roachdale Bank, interest	13.34
Clark Wilson, transfer	868.95
E. C. Barnes, transfer	221.93
C. A. Starke, transfer	28.29
Roachdale Bank, interest	9.02
Roachdale Bank, interest	7.24
County Treasurer, dis	14,624.43
Roachdale Bank, interest	5.96
Ray Dixon, closet	15.00
Blanche Davidson, school	6.31
Eugene Britton, dog tax	3.00

Disbursements	
R. C. Brayant, final payment	1,500.00
Roachdale Electric Co., current	22.41
J. W. Hennon, labor	25.00
Wm. Lee, janitor	37.50
Frank Wilson, painting	44.95
Dorris Oursler, teaching	57.00
Ina Rogers, teaching	40.00
Lola Stewart, teaching	55.00
Lottie Steele, teaching	45.00
Blanche Mahan, teaching	57.00
Bertha Hyten, teaching	50.00
Agnes Hultz, teaching	50.00
Claude Hughes, teaching	80.00
Essie Summers, teaching	90.00
Samuel Steel, janitor	14.60
W. L. Hall, janitor	37.00
Thomas Harway, teaching	50.00
Russell Newgent, teaching	50.00
Eugene Britton, teaching	17.50
Elsie Browning, teaching	25.00
John L. Wilson, supplies	10.00
Thomas Walsh, ditch	6.50
W. S. McMahon, labor	6.50
W. M. Dean, rent	116.20
Geo. Cuppenlanty, insurance	33.48
H. B. Issael, kerosene	6.25
H. E. Watkins, insurance	42.24
Wm. Lee, janitor	37.50
Elsie Browning, teaching	25.00
Blanche Davidson, prin.	140.00
Russell Newgent, teaching	75.00
Elsie Browning, teaching	50.00
Florence Lambdin, teaching	50.00
Claude Hughes, teaching	80.00
Thomas Harvey, teaching	100.00
Pearl Sinclair, teaching	100.00
Bertha Hyten, teaching	100.00
Essie Summers, teaching	100.00
Ina Rogers, teaching	100.00
Wm. Lee, janitor	100.00
Russell Newgent, teaching	100.00
Agnes Hultz, teaching	100.00
Samuel Steel, janitor	100.00
Samuel Mayfield, transp't'n	100.00
Lottie Steele, teaching	100.00
Wm. Lee, janitor	100.00
Mary Rice, p. m., stamps	100.00
James Burford, drayage	100.00
Fred L. Cohn, teaching	100.00
D. A. Smith, labor	100.00
John W. Davidson, paint	100.00
Blanche Davidson, teaching	100.00
Florence Lambdin, teaching	100.00
Rollie Dobbs, teaching	100.00
Lola Stewart, teaching	100.00
John Leaton, sheep killed	100.00
Elsie Browning, teaching	100.00
R. C. Smythe, final payment	2,120.54
Hiatt Shull, transp't'n	75.00
Thomas Harvey, teaching	150.00
Roachdale Elec Co., current	27.28
Ruth Case, teaching	75.00
Wm. Lee, janitor	37.50
Midland Press, encyclopedia	20.00
Claude Hughes, teaching	80.00
W. L. Hall, janitor	25.00
Russell Newgent, teaching	100.00
Elsie Browning, teaching	50.00
Clara Hines, teaching	75.00
Standard Oil Co., 1/2 bbl. oil	24.96
Dorris Oursler, teaching	115.00
Agnes Hultz, teaching	25.00
Essie Summers, teaching	50.00
Bertha Hyten, teaching	25.00
Pearl Sinclair, teaching	25.00
W. S. McMahon, labor	22.00
Samuel Steel, janitor	15.75
Lottie Steele, teaching	15.00
Blanche Mahan, teaching	75.00
Ina Rogers, teaching	50.00
J. W. Fordice, transfer	74.34
Wm. Lee, janitor	37.50
Florence Lambdin, teaching	130.00
Elsie Browning, teaching	80.00
Samuel Mayfield, transp't'n	127.21
Claude Hughes, teaching	68.00
Dorris Oursler, teaching	55.10
Rollie R. Dobbs, teaching	125.00
Agnes Hultz, teaching	177.50
Agnes Hultz, institutes	38.50
Hiatt Shuee, transp't'n	86.00
Thomas Harvey, teaching	125.00
Thomas Harvey, institute	51.00
Glenn W. Irwin, library	354.18
W. R. Whitaker, transp't'n	10.00
Earl Newton, transp't'n	42.50
J. R. Grider, repair	650
H. Curry & Son, welding	225.00
Blanche Davidson, prin.	100.00
Russell Newgent, teaching	30.00
Florence Lambdin, teaching	12.00
Elsie Browning, teaching	17.14
Roachdale Elec Co., current	38.00
D. H. Bobbe, books	32.00
Dorris Oursler, teacher	19.95
Dorris Oursler, institute	

Blanche Mahan, institute	39.00
Blanche Mahan, teaching	30.50
Lottie Steele, institute	102.40
Lottie Steele, teaching	14.62
Samuel Steel, janitor	15.75
Samuel Mayfield, transp't'n	71.94
Lola Stewart, institute	33.25
Lola Stewart, teaching	171.25
Orville Foster, transp't'n	345.00
W. L. Hall, janitor	25.50
W. L. Hall, repairs	2.50
Pearl Sinclair, teaching	100.00
Ina Rogers, teacher	60.00
Wm. Lee, janitor	112.50
Clara Himer, institute	190.60
Omer Scott, transp't'n	16.74
Essie Summers, teaching	80.00
Lola Payne, enumeration	12.00
Simpson McCaughey, supplies	1.73
Rollie R. Dobbs, teaching	125.00
Elsie Browning, teaching	15.00
Florence Lambdin, teaching	30.00
Wm. Lee, janitor	37.50
Bertha Hyten, teaching	100.00
Russell Newgent, teaching	50.00
Ina Rogers, teaching	60.00
Rollie R. Dobbs, teaching	125.00
Elmer Skelton, roads	8.00
B. E. Kirkpatrick, sermon	10.00
Blanche Davidson, teaching	275.00
Florence Lambdin, teaching	55.00
Florence Lambdin, institute	30.30
Elsie Browning, teaching	20.00
Elsie Browning, institute	21.25
Rollie R. Dobbs, teaching	25.00
Rollie R. Dobbs, institute	6.25
Russell Newgent, teaching	100.00
Russell Newgent, institute	50.00
Roachdale Electric Co., current	29.24
Roachdale Bank, loan	2,500.00
Roachdale Bank, loan	1,056.72
Ware & Green, printing	13.90
Ware & Green, printing	41.65
Wm. H. Myers, supplies	5.67
E. C. Rogers, supplies	56.39
Pearl Sinclair, teaching	315.00
Pearl Sinclair, institute	31.50
Harvey Hale, transp't'n	111.00
Clark Sutherland, supplies	19.50
Ina Rogers, institute	21.00
Ina Rogers, teaching	90.00
T. R. Woodburn, supplies	48.07
T. R. Woodburn, supplies	48.07
Wm. Lee, janitor	112.50
Raymond Crosby, services	350.00
G. W. Irwin & Son, supplies	127.61
Ashton L. Priest, transfer	636.00
George A. Stilwell, dog tax	51.96
Bertha Hyten, teaching	280.20
Bertha Hyten, institute	29.26
M. E. Chastain & Son, supplies	178.04
Allan A. Wilkinson, supplies	137.85
R. C. Smythe, supplies	145.29
Essie Summers, teaching	270.00
Essie Summers, institute	30.50
Ruth Case, teaching	25.00
Stewart Blaydes, transp't'n	18.00
Wm. R. Dean, supplies	3.45
Perkins Bros., repairs	1.20
Putnam Veneer Co., lumber	4.00
John L. Wilson, supplies	7.65
James Burford, coal and dary	52.52
Wm. Lee, coal	15.06
Roachdale Bank, bonds	3,525.00
F. H. Bowen, supplies	6.80
Mrs. E. Chadwick, transp't'n	111.00
Roy Stultz, repair	1.00
Roachdale Bank, Bonds	260.65
Roachdale Bank, Notes & Int.	2,600.23
Fred L. Cohn, labor	15.00
Roachdale, Band, bond	67.75
John W. Shannon, Hogs Killed	50.00
Samuel Owens, Supplies	5.55
Educational Supply Co., Diplo-	
mas	28.51
Standard Oil Co., 1/2 barrel	
Gloss	25.04
Wm. Lee, Janitor	75.00
Lowell Smith, Hauling	11.56
G. W. Hanna, Hauling	112.50
G. W. Hanna, Gravel	48.50
George Brothers, Grading	20.00
R. H. Jewell, Grading	26.00
H. E. McCloud, Cleaning Vaults	2.00
Nerval Dixon, Hauling	2.00
W. Clay Dixon, Hauling	20.00
Ray Dixon, hauling	40.00
Ruth Case, Institute	23.32
Ruth Case, Supplies	5.70
Letha Dove, Cleaning	6.00
T. R. Woodburn, Adv. Board Re-	
cord	6.00
Roachdale Bank, School Bond	33.75
J. A. Hall, Plastering	6.60
George Grider, Insurance	34.32
Blanche Davidson, Teaching	50.00
Dorris Oursler, Teaching	80.00
Wm Lee, Janitor	75.00
Pearl Sinclair, Teaching	100.00

OPERA HOUSE

A. COOK, Prop. & Mgr.

Doors Open at 6:30 Two Shows Show Starts 7:00

PROGRAM SUBJECT TO CHANGE WITHOUT NOTICE

Robertson-Cole Company Presents

MISS BILLIE RHODES

In the Five Part Photo Play

"The Love Call"

A Western Comedy Drama

Rolin Comedies Presents

"It's A Hard Life"

Strand Comedies Presents

"His Double Exposure"

Matinee Tomorrow
2:15 Sharp

"THE EYES OF THE WORLD"

The Value of a Big Bank to a New Customer

No bank, whatever the desire of its management, can render broader service than its facilities permit.

The availability of the Federal Reserve System to its members—of which we are one—is governed largely by the amount of the capital, surplus and undivided profits of the member bank.

CENTRAL NATIONAL BANK

Capital, Surplus and Undivided Profits, \$210,000.00

Mr. Auto Owner

NOW IS THE
TIME....

Do not wait for the spring rush, but have your car over hauled now, and be ready for the nice weather.

By having your work done now we can assure you the highest class of workmanship ship with a minimum expense, with no chance of the small details being overlooked, which often happens when the shop is crowded with work, and everybody wants their car at the same time.

ALL WORK GUARANTEED

WELLS & MICHAEL

118-120 N. Jackson St. Phone 620

FOR SERVICE
TRAVEL AND SHIP YOUR FREIGHT

...via...

TERRE HAUTE, INDIANAPOLIS & EASTERN TRACTION
COMPANY AND CONNECTING LINES

Local and interline less car load and car load shipments to all points reached by Traction lines in Indiana, Illinois, Ohio, Kentucky and Michigan.

Hourly Local Express Service
Station Delivery

Passenger cars equipped with double windows insuring to patrons a dependable service.

For rates and further information see local T. H. I. & E. agent or address Traffic Department, 208 Traction Terminal Bldg., Indianapolis, Ind.

Local News

Mrs. S. A. Hays and Miss Lillian Hays are in Indianapolis for the day.

Mrs. Marshall Beck went to Indianapolis this morning to spend the day.

Dr. and Mrs. C. T. Zaring spent the day in Indianapolis.

Prof. F. C. Tilden was in Brazil on Monday evening where he gave a lecture in the Presbyterian church of that city.

Frank Wallace, county school superintendent was in Putnamville today visiting the schools.

Roy Harris has returned from Indianapolis where he recently underwent an operation at the Methodist hospital.

Mrs. Oscar Craft, Mrs. Marie Michaelree, and Mrs. Albert Bess of Brazil, were in this city today on business.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Branham of Cloverdale were in Greencastle today.

The regular monthly meeting of the Woman's Circle of the Presbyterian church will be held in the church Wednesday afternoon, January 28 at 2:30 o'clock. "Missionary heroes," will be the subject of six three-

minute talks by members. Mrs. Eliza Grantham, Mrs. E. W. Stout and Mrs. Edward Becknell will be the hostesses. Chairmen of all committees are requested to be prepared to give a report and those who have donated dishes are requested to take them to the Wednesday afternoon meeting.

Jake Hirt, because of failure to receive credits for certain High school work which he believed he is entitled to, has turned in his basketball suit, quit school and expects to secure a position. The loss of Hirt to the basketball squad will be noticeable but there are several other men on the squad who have not been playing regularly, who will fill in the gap creditably.

George Sales of Terre Haute was in this city today on business.

Mrs. J. P. Allee has returned from Indianapolis where she has been spending several days on account of the serious condition of her daughter, Mrs. Jessie Allee Byrd, who is ill of pneumonia at the St. Vincent's hospital. Mrs. Byrd is slightly improved today.

Charles Jackson, the county agent is in Cloverdale today where he is promoting the Pig Project Club among school children.

The Woman's League of the College Avenue church will meet Wednesday afternoon at 2:30 o'clock in the church parlors. The program for the afternoon will be by Mrs. Grafton Longden.

Master Frederick Thomas, the son of Mr. and Mrs. Fred Thomas of this city, who has been ill of tonsillitis for several days, is much improved.

Mrs. Jesse Allee Byrd, who has been quite ill of pneumonia for several days, is better. Mrs. Byrd is in the Methodist hospital in Indianapolis.

C. W. Tuttle of the Reid Murdock Canning Co., is in Cleveland, Ohio, attending the Canners' Convention, which is being held there this week.

Milton Brown of this city was in Vivalia on Monday transacting business.

COME VERY STRANGE DISHES.

Savages Not Only Ones with Fastidious Tastes.

In America horse flesh is sold surreptitiously, masquerading as beef. In the markets of most European cities horse and mule flesh is sold openly, in some cases, however, being under the surveillance of the police. "The Greeks ate donkeys," they say, "and if donkeys were edible, why not horses today?"

A strong prejudice was manifested against eating horse flesh when its use was first proposed, but this feeling is rapidly vanishing, and hippophagy is as common as beef eating. The worst-out steed finds his way to the slaughter as readily as the cow that will not give milk, or the stall-fed ox.

Frogs are dearly prized by gourmets the world over. Snails are consumed in France, and help to tickle the palated palate that has become cloyed with swollen goose liver and decayed salmon roes. The snails that are eaten are the every-day, slimy little mollusks that are to be found by thousands in the gardens, vineyards and woods of the provinces of Burgundy and Provence, and in Switzerland.

Australian natives are fond of butterflies and declare them to be more nourishing than the flesh of kangaroos or fowls. The butterflies are pounded into a sort of cake.

The aborigines of South America and Africa consider the guana, a large lizard, a great delicacy. These lizards are not unlike a small crocodile, but are far more unsightly than that creature.

In Australia several kinds of snakes are eaten roasted. They are said to be equal in delicacy and flavor to the finest stewed eels. An English traveler declares the steam from the roasting reptiles is by no means unsavory.

Some folks in Russia will pledge their friends in a goblet of unrefined train oil, and not so long ago dwellers on the American prairies esteemed a glass of buffalo's blood the richest drink on earth.—What-to-Eat.

Curious Historical Wagers.

In the year 1787 a farmer laid a wager that he would eat two dozen penny mutton pies and drink a gallon of ale in half an hour, a feat which he easily performed well within the specified limit, says the Queen. In about half an hour afterward he devoured a three-penny loaf and a pound of cheese and then attacked a leg of pork.

A few years later, when the prince regent was enlivening Brighton with his vagaries, the notorious Sir John Lade made his celebrated wager that he would carry Lord Cholmondeley on his back twice around the Steine. As Sir John was short and his opponent tall, much curiosity was aroused, and many spectators, including ladies, came out to see, but were all balked of the spectacle by the knight declining to bear the nobleman except in the minimum of clothing, declaring that there was nothing in the conditions calling upon him to carry extra weight.

Of quite another kind was the wagering by a gentleman that he would stand all day upon London Bridge with a trayful of new sovereigns, but be unable to sell them at a penny apiece, and, like Sir John Lade, he won his wager.

In 1806 a curious wager was laid between two gentlemen as to who should assume the most singular character at a fancy dress ball. The winner paraded with his coat and waistcoat decorated with banknotes of different values, a row of five-guinea notes and a netted nurse of gold adorned his hat, while on his hat appeared a piece of paper with the words, "John Bull."

The loser would certainly appear to have been more original still, for he appeared dressed like a woman on one side, one-half of his face being painted and the other half blackened to resemble that of a negro. On one leg he wore a silk stocking and a slipper and on the other half a pair of linen breeches, a boot and spur, while he was also adorned with half a long-tailed linen coat.

Money in Waste Hardwood.

All the world's woodcutters might be millionaires if they knew how to gather up the twelve baskets of industrial crumbs as does a distilling plant in a Michigan town. This establishment has a capacity of ninety cords of hardwood a day, the wood consumed being slabs, crooked logs, treetops and other hardwood offal from logging and lumbering operations.

From one cord of this material there is made ten gallons of wood alcohol, 98½ per cent being pure; 200 pounds of acetate of lime, quicklime being added for this purpose, and 50 bushels of charcoal. Every product of the wood except the charcoal passes off in the form of gas and is reduced by distillation. Some irreducible gas and a little tar product are used as fuel. Nothing is lost.

The alcohol is worth 60 cents a gallon. The acetate of lime is worth 2 cents a pound and the charcoal is worth 10 cents a bushel. The value of the lime used is worth not over one-fourth of the value of the acetate. The value of the final product of the cord of refuse wood is, therefore, not far from \$14. The process is not expensive. The plant, running at full capacity, will turn out a product daily worth \$1,200 from material that has but little commercial value in its crude form.—Chicago Tribune.

Why They're Disappointed.

"Some men sit with folded hands waiting for their ships to come in," remarked the Observer of Events and Things, "who never made a single move toward even raising a sail."

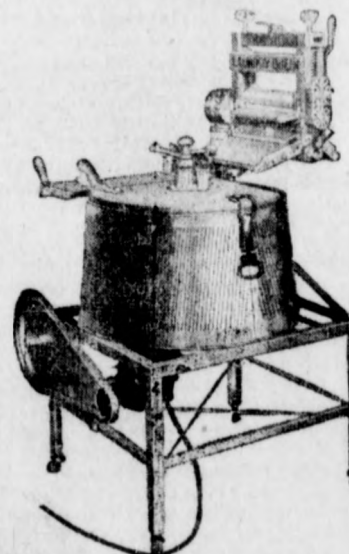
Dr. Carters K. & B. Tea Makes Fine Laxative Syrup

Make It at Home and Save About \$1.50—Children Love to Take It.

Full Directions With Each 30-Cent Package

For a real tonic and blood purifier, take a teaspoonful every night or every other night for at least three weeks.

It Solves the Washing Problem



THE LAUNDRY QUEEN does the washing absolutely by itself without human aid or guidance apart from turning it on and off. You'd be justified in asking "if it had a human mind" when you see its perfect work—the absence of wear and tear on the garments.

There is no machine exactly like

The Laundry Queen Electric WITH SWINGING WRINGER

It doesn't tear off buttons—wear out clothes—or mangles—lingerie or blankets; it gets the dirt out and leaves the fabric intact. Quiet, simple; no exposed machinery. Come in and see them.

Our Present Stock we offer at:—

Copper Tub\$95.00

5 per cent cash or \$20.00 down, \$10.00 a month.

The Electric Shop of the
PUTNAM ELECTRIC CO.

..Expert.. PLUMBING WORK

All Work Guaranteed.
All Calls Promptly Attended to.HAROLD SADDLER
313 North Madison St.

INDIANA LOAN CO.

MONEY to Loan

On Furniture, Pianos, Automobiles and Live Stock.

Room 3, Donner Block, in Office
Thursday.

CLASSIFIED ADS.

FOR SALE—80 acres; new bungalow; all buildings good, three miles south of Greencastle. Three good springs; good well; new garage. Bargain if sold at once. Phone Red 598.

JUST RECEIVED A CAR of Chestnut Anthracite.—Fred Lucas.

WANTED—Good carrier boy, at once Herald office.

FOR RENT—Two furnished rooms, 8 Spring avenue.—Phone 666.

FOR FARM LOANS, abstract of title see Wm. B. Vestal, with Dobbs & Vestal real estate office, Greencastle, Indiana.

FARM HAND WANTED—At once, work every day; good house and privileges; good opportunity for hustling young man with small family. Apply at the Herald office.

WANTED—Young man for office work. Must be able to take dictation. Opportunity for advancement. Address Lock Box 157.

Alcohol, Tires, Oils, Grease, Batteries—DOBBS BROS. North Side Square.

FOR SALE—If there is anyone interested in Chevrolets, see Cox & Sellers. We have on hand several four nineties, 1919 models. Will sell cheap.

SEE FOUTS BROS. for Federal Farm Loans.

REAL ESTATE—We have several buyers for modern or semi-modern properties that are well located. If you have same for sale, call 69. Putnam Realty Co., (Inc.)

Stop this!

At first signs of a cold or grip take

LANE'S GOLD TABLETS

GUARANTEED

WHEN RHEUMATIC PAINS HIT HARD

Have Sloan's Liniment ready for those sudden rheumatic twinges

DON'T let that rheumatic pain ache find you without Sloan's Liniment again. Keep it handy in the medicine cabinet for immediate action when needed. If you are out of it now, get another bottle today, so you won't suffer any longer than necessary when a pain or ache attacks you. Apply it without rubbing—for it penetrates—giving prompt relief of sciatica, lumbago, neuralgia, lameness, soreness, sprains, strains, bruises. Be prepared—keep it handy.

All druggists—35c., 70c., \$1.40.

IMPALED ON BRASS BED POST

Woman Falls Thru Ceiling and is Badly Injured.

Winchester, Pa.—Impaled on the footpost of a brass bed upon which she had fallen from the attic thru the ceiling, Mrs. C. W. Snyder of this place was removed from her plight only thru the efforts of a physician and her family. She is in the Pottsville hospital, where it is feared she may die.

While cleaning up the attic Mrs. Snyder stepped upon the lathe of the ceiling of the room below. She dashed thru the ceiling and her right hip struck the bedpost of the brass bed beneath. The ornamental brass surmounting the bedpost was flattened and broken by the force of the fall, permitting the supporting rod to penetrate the flesh a distance of 6 inches.

Efforts of the family to remove her were fruitless, the flattened brass cap having expanded and it inflicted severe cuts each time she was moved. Dr. John A. Ullish was called and with his assistance the woman was removed from the impaling post.

CRUDE OIL FLOWS FROM SPRING

Winchester, Ky.—What is puzzling oil men here is a report from the Sweet Lick section of the Estill field that a spring on the mountain side on the Rawlins farm began running crude oil and has since slightly increased each day, until now it is estimated that four or five barrels escape in this way daily.

This phenomenon can only be accounted for by those who have studied it by the drilling of a well on top of the mountain near by, and the drill coming in contact with the spring stream, thus allowing oil rising in the well to escape through the water passage.

Because wife used the stove for making strange brews to keep off witches, instead of preparing the dinner Reading, Pa., man got a divorce.

Papers served on 1-year-old Bridgeport baby in will case. Baby said "Pooh!"

Man 100 years old, in Elizabeth, N. J., spanked his 60-year-old son for annoying the boarders.

His Aim

The cannon ball express was crawling up the Blue Ridge not far above Warrenton when a small yellow dog dashed snarling out of a house near the track and ran after the train, barking at a furious rate.

"Well, sir," exclaimed the conductor, proudly, to a passenger from the north who stood beside him on the rear platform, "that's a most amazing dog. He tears out of that house every day and chases after this train for miles. He—"

"Pardon me, captain," interrupted a long, solemn Virginia farmer, the only other occupant of the platform, "but what do you s'pose he's aimin' to do with the train if he does catch it?"

YELLOW MUSTARD FOR SORE THROAT, TONSILITIS

Old-fashioned remedies are often the best. Yellow Mustard, in the form of plaster or poultice, has been used for generations for soreness, inflammation, congestions and swellings with most excellent results—but it blistered.

Heat eases pain and Begg's Mustard, made of pure yellow mustard, together with other pain relieving ingredients is just as hot, but quicker, cleaner and more effective and cannot blister.

When your throat is sore, when you have pleurisy, bronchitis or a pain-shooting chest cold you can get speedy and lasting relief with this most effective preparation because heat eases pain. Every druggist has it—50c. and 60c. cents.

BEGG'S MUSTARD

.. The .. Thirsty .. Cat ..

"O H NURSEY, Nursey, I want to see the 'thirsty cat,'" cried the blue-eyed little girl, as perched on a chair, she clutched at the window bars.

Mr. Radford Shone raised his hand for silence, and for the sixth time since we entered the nursery, the good looking nurse picked up her noisy charge and, taking her on her lap, tried to soothe her. But the quiet thus obtained lasted only a minute or so. Nurse Melvin, absorbed in the wisdom that was dropping from the great man's lips, relaxed her hold, and once again the little one sprang to the window.

"Want to see the thirsty cat, nurse?" the shrill clamor broke afresh, bringing Mr. Shone's discourse to an effective full stop and an angry flush to his sparsely covered brow.

"Really, it is impossible to proceed while the child is making that noise," he said impatiently.

"Come, Ella, you must keep still," the nurse exclaimed, making another pounce on the little obstructionist.

These gentlemen want to find your little brother Maurice, and they can't talk about him if you're so naughty. You mustn't trouble them about that silly cat."

"But I want the thirsty cat, Maurice wants her too," pleaded the struggling captive.

"We had better pursue the matter in another room," said Shone in despair, as he strode to the door. "We have no time to be worried by thir-



"OH, NURSEY, I WANT TO SEE THE THIRSTY CAT."

ty cats that can have no possible bearing on the case."

A gleam of intense relief, or some kindred emotion, seemed to flit over the nurse's face, causing me to linger a moment before following Shone out of the room.

"What does the child mean by the 'thirsty cat'?" I asked her.

"Oh, nothing at all, sir, really—at least, nothing that's of any consequence," was the reply. "She and Master Maurice used to sit at the window and watch a cat that used to drink milk out of a saucer on one of the window sills of the house opposite. It hasn't been there for the last few days and Miss Ella is put out about it."

There had been a great sensation on its becoming known in West End circles that the seven-year-old son and heir of Lord and Lady Tressilian was missing. His lordship's enormous wealth, and the circumstance of his marriage nine years before, sufficed to lift the case out of the commonplace and classify it as a first-class mystery with possible family complications.

At the time of the marriage, which had created so much talk, Lord Tressilian had been 65 years old, and till within a few months of the ceremony, had been regarded as a confirmed bachelor. His presumptive heir had been his nephew, the Honorable Ralph Weyland, a young officer in the Guards, whose extravagant living and excesses about town had gained him an unenviable notoriety.

Ralph Weyland's final escape of marrying a third-rate music hall artiste had so disgusted Lord Tressilian that he had also made an excursion into the realms of matrimony, taking to himself a wife in his old age in the hope of providing himself with a direct heir who should keep his disreputable nephew out of the title and entailed estates. His lordship's hopes were entirely realized, a son having been born to him in the second year of his married life, and a daughter a year later. Thence onward the affairs of the Tressilians were of the quiet and dog trot order till one morning, several years later, Lady Tressilian walked into the Vine street police station and asked to see the inspector on duty.

I happened to be that individual and went forward to attend to the lady. She was a tall, angular woman, past her prime, and was laboring under considerable agitation. It appeared from her disjointed narrative, that her little boy, the Honorable Maurice Weyland, had been missing for three days, and that she was now seeking the assistance of the police to recover him.

"I know," she said, angrily, when I pointed out that we should be hand-

leapped by the delay in coming to us. "It is owing to Lord Tressilian's absurd family pride, and even now I am here without his knowledge. He formed the idea that his nephew and former heir, Ralph Weyland, was responsible for the disappearance, so he has been moving heaven and earth to get the boy back without a public scandal. Have you heard of Mr. Radford Shone?"

"The private investigator? Yes, I have heard that he has a very extensive practice," was my non-committal rejoinder.

"Well, Lord Tressilian rushed off to him and intrusted the finding of our child to him," her ladyship continued. "Mr. Shone agrees with my husband that Ralph Weyland is at the bottom of the business, but he has utterly failed to obtain a shred of evidence substantiating that view. I could not allow the matter to drift any longer, so I decided to report it officially."

I told her that she had done wisely, as, however talented a private investigator might be, the police have facilities in disappearance cases which he could not be expected to enjoy. Advising her to go home and inform Lord Tressilian that she had called on the police, I promised to follow her almost immediately to her house in Upper Brook street. On my arrival there I had just been in time to witness the close of a painful interview between Lord and Lady Tressilian, the aged peer having greatly resented his wife's appeal for police assistance, with its possible consequence of besmirching the family name. I had tried to smooth matters by pointing out that Mr. Radford Shone having failed in three days to justify his suspicion of Ralph Weyland, there might be an entirely different explanation of the affair. I had hardly made the suggestion when Shone himself was announced and I was asked to go with him to the nursery to hear what the nurse had to say.

Nurse Melvin's narrative, curtailed in the manner I have described, had been meager indeed. On the previous Monday afternoon she had left both children in the nursery, according to her usual custom while she went down to the basement to fetch their tea. On her return, Maurice was not there, and though a prompt search was made, no trace of the little fellow was to be found in the house. Shone's theory, which he had been expounding when Ella had interrupted him, was that the boy had been beckoned by Ralph Weyland from the street below and had run down and joined him, there being no one in the front hall at that hour of the servant's tea. To hurry the boy into a four-wheeled cab or closed carriage would have been the work of an instant, and the trick would have been done.

The surmise was not without its merits; yet from my own standpoint it had this drawback—that it was the most obvious explanation of the affair. Mr. Weyland in planning the abduction which was to reconstitute him his uncle's heir, would have known that he would be the first to be suspected of having a hand in it. And he must have been a very clever man if he had carried out his plan so as to baffle detection by a man of Shone's reputation.

From the first I had been conscious of a certain latent hostility on the part of Mr. Radford Shone, due, no doubt, to a perfectly natural desire to finish a lucrative case without official interference. As I caught him upon the stairs I did my best to disarm him of this feeling by wrapping up my doubt of his theory in a little judicious flattery on the lines indicated.

"But Mr. Ralph Weyland has not baffled me," he protested with that superior smirk of his. "If Lady Tressilian had exercised a little patience I should have satisfied her on that point."

Just then we entered the library, where Lord and Lady Tressilian were awaiting us, and Shone continued in the same vein.

"I have been telling Inspector Hammond that by to-morrow at latest I shall be in possession of full proofs against Mr. Ralph Weyland," he said. "Of course, if the police have been imported into the case, they must pursue an independent investigation, if they please."

"You would let Mr. Hammond have the benefit of hearing what you have already achieved?" said Lady Tressilian eagerly.

But Radford Shone shook his head grimly. "My experience is that if the police cannot help themselves, it is very little use trying to help them," he replied, with an air of lofty disdain. "I do not mind repeating, however, what I have already reported to your lordship and your ladyship that the strict watch which I have set on Mr. Ralph Weyland's cottage at Mitcham has revealed some very suspicious circumstances, which I am confident I shall convert into actual proof no later than to-night."

Lord Tressilian turned angrily on his wife. "See how premature you have been, Augusta!" he cried. He was a well-preserved old gentleman with snow-white hair and pink complexion—erect as a dart in spite of his 75 years. "If Maurice is traced to Ralph the police will have no opinion but to furnish food to scandal mongers by locking my nephew up."

"But my boy may have been murdered," wailed the poor lady. "Surely you would not have Ralph go scot free just for the honor of the house?"

"There are no indications that the child has met with foul play—yet," Shone interrupted significantly.

"Though if Mr. Weyland were too hard pressed by the police there is no knowing what might happen."

With this last malevolent shaft for the force to which I am proud to belong, Mr. Radford Shone bowed himself out, alleging that the case would absorb every minute of the day. After his departure I lingered behind at a gesture from Lord Tressilian.

"You heard what Shone's view is," said the old peer, eyeing me askance. "Your meddling in this matter may cost my son his life. Humanity demands that you make no move until Shone has finished his task."

I had both of the parents against me; for Lady Tressilian, frightened by what Shone had said about the boy's safety, joined forces with her husband, and besought me with tears in her eyes to do nothing, that day, at any rate. In one way, the picture which Shone had conjured up, had good results, inasmuch as it effectually reconciled the elderly couple. The old peer put his arm round his wife, and together they faced me, pleading as they believed, with a ruthless policeman, who wouldn't mind how many children were sacrificed if he could only run Ralph Weyland in.

So far was this from being the case that I was touched by their distress.

"See here, my lord," I said, "we of the police do not accept outside dictation, and there is nothing but Shone's word for it that your nephew has stolen your son. I shall take up the case on such assumption and shall not go near Mr. Ralph Weyland unless my claw leads to him and then only after due precaution for your son's safety. At present my claw is as likely to lead me to His Majesty the King as to your nephew, for all I know."

"You have found a claw already?" they both exclaimed to me.

"What may be a claw," I replied. "And with your permission I should wish to go and get to work upon it."

Lord Tressilian was as anxious now as he had been reluctant that I should take up the case, and accompanied me to the door with an exaggerated courtesy, intended to atone for his initial rudeness. Cutting short his protestations I asked him rather curtly how long Nurse Melvin had been in his employ.

"Two months or thereabouts," was the reply. "But surely you don't think that she—"

"I don't think, and I never speak till I know, my lord," I said, as I nodded and ran down the steps into the street.

Making my way to a public house at the corner of the nearest news I borrowed a directory and looked up the house opposite Lord Tressilian's—the one from the window sill of which the little girl Ella had so missed what she called "the thirsty cat." There being no name opposite the number in the directory I concluded that the house was of the class that are let furnished to temporary tenants, which was so far in favor of the notion that had first possessed me since my first visit to the nursery. In less than half an hour I had confirmed my surmise by calling on several neighboring house agents, the last of whom informed me that he had recently let the house No. 300 B, to a Captain Masterman. The captain had taken the house for two months, paying one month's rent in advance.

From the agents I went back to the police station, and selecting a young constable of guileless appearance, ordered him to put on plain clothes and call at No. 300 B, Upper Brook street, in the character of a book canvasser. My instructions to him were to get into conversation with one or more of the servants and learn what he could of the household and antecedents of Captain Masterman. The constable departed, but was back to the station in next to no time. He had rung and knocked both at the front and rear doors of No. 300 B without meeting with any response. So far as he could judge the house was unoccupied.

On receiving this report I changed into plain clothes myself, and bidding the young constable to accompany me, set out for the house. Having sought admission by the ordinary methods I descended to the basement and effected an entrance by slipping back the catch of the kitchen window. A glance told me that the house had been evacuated hastily and that possession had not been given up in the ordinary way to the agent. No tenant would have been so shameless as to leave the place in such a chaos of unwashed crockery, dirty saucepans and littered floors.

Making our way upstairs we found the reception room in scarcely better condition. The furniture in the dining-room, the windows of which faced the streets, was all higgledy-piggledy, and on the table were the remains of a half-consumed meal, with covers laid for two. But what drew from my companion and myself a simultaneous cry of surprise—as a huge, black, gleeke-haired cat that was squatting on the side board near an empty saucer, regarding us with fixed stare from two shining eyes. Approaching the animal, closer I saw that it was wearing a collar to which was attached a long string, the end of which was not fastened to anything but trailed to the floor.

"Puss, puss! Poor pussy!" said my assistant, eliciting, however, no friendly "miaow" in reply. Then he went up and stroked it, turning to me the next moment, with a sheepish grin.

"The thing ain't real," he cried.

"It's a stuffed cat." I had guessed so much directly I saw the collar and the trailing string and I knew I had made no mistake in following the claw of the thirsty cat. Whether or not it would lead me to Mr. Ralph Weyland, was another; but I had the satisfaction of certainty that mine was an entirely different starting point from that of Mr. Radford Shone. I was considering my next step when out of the tail of my eye I caught sight of Nurse Melvin coming from the area gate of Lord Tressilian's house opposite. Glancing nervously at the windows of the house we were searching she made off down the street at a fast walk.

"Shadow that woman," I said, pointing her out to my companion. "When you have located her destination report to me at the station."

The young constable sped downstairs on his congenial errand and I continued my search of the house. I was now tolerably well assured what had happened. Some person or persons had taken the house with the special purpose of kidnapping Lord Tressilian's little son and heir, and Nurse Melvin was in collusion. The stuffed cat had been used to excite the boy's interest and curiosity from his nursery window, and finally, at a convenient hour, to lure him across the street. The door once shut on him he would have been at the mercy of his captors, and had doubtless been removed after dark to some place at a distance for greater security.

The nurse's anxiety to check little Ella's persistent references to the "thirsty cat" had planted the germ of suspicion in me, and now I had little doubt that, having seen me enter the vacant house, she had found some pretext for asking leave to go out, so that she might warn her employer or confederates that the police were following a true scent.

There was nothing, of course, in this reading of the case to contravene Shone's theory that the Honorable Ralph Weyland was at the



A GLANCE TOLD ME THAT THE HOUSE HAD BEEN EVACUATED.

bottom of the plot, and I might find that the "Captain Masterman" of No. 300 B was none other than Lord Tressilian's nephew. At the same time I had the satisfaction of knowing that I had gained a legitimate clue, while Shone had suspected Mr. Weyland through jumping to a conclusion about him as the most interested party. It would be a curious coincidence if these two divergent methods drew together at the finish. Personally, as a believer in beginning at the right end of a case, I hoped that the late owner of the "thirsty cat" would prove to be some one quite different.

The only other material fact that I found at the house was that the late tenants must have been of slovenly, not to say dirty, habits, though there had been plenty of eating and drinking, especially the latter. On the whole I was inclined to the view that "Captain Masterman" was not a scion of the aristocracy; but I was immediately afterward shaken in it by remembering that he had made a messalliance. The music hall artiste to whom Lord Tressilian had taken such exception might be responsible for the unmade beds and unwashed carpets.

I returned to the police station and shortly afterward my hopes of confounding Radford Shone were knocked out to zero by the receipt of a telegram from the constable detailed to follow Nurse Melvin. It read: "Traced woman to Lime Tree Villa, Acacia Grove, New Malden. She stayed only two minutes and is now on her way back to London."

Now, New Malden, that residential suburb beyond Wimbledon, had been mentioned by Shone as the place where Mr. Ralph Weyland had a cottage, upon which he himself had been keeping observation. The natural inference was that he had jumped to the correct conclusion, and that Nurse Melvin had been to warn her confederates that the police had spotted No. 300 B, Upper Brook street, as the lair from which the kidnapping had been contrived. In a few minutes I was at Waterloo, and half an hour later strolled into Acacia Grove, New Malden.

"Lime Tree Villa" stood self-confessed by the name on its gate—a small detached house lying back from the road amid a tangle of shrub and fruit trees. I was turning away to perfect my plans when two men

wearing the baize aprons of furniture movers, came down the circular carriage sweep and out of the gate, chuckling audibly. One of them, the tallest and leanest of the two, cocked his eye at me in passing, and in spite of his disguise, I recognized Shone. Perceiving that I knew him, he beckoned me to follow him to the end of the road.

"So you made use of my theory, after all, Inspector Hammond," he said in his arrogant manner. "Well, I can add fact to theory now. Ralph Weyland has got the boy right enough. We have been mouching around in the character of furniture men who had mistaken the house, and we heard Weyland talking to his wife."

"Gave the whole show away, she did," sniggered Shone's companion, who, as I subsequently ascertained, was Mr. Samuel Martin, the great man's admirer and understudy.

"Have they got the boy in the house now?" I asked, none too well pleased by the turn of events, for I had hoped that my cat claw hadn't got the disappointed heir at the end of it. Mr. Radford Shone would be able to brag that he had done by mere intuition what the police had to do by routine methods.

"Yes, I gathered from what they said that the youngster was boxed up in one of the upper rooms," replied Shone. "But there's someone else in it, at another house here, with whom Weyland and his wife have got an appointment at 10 o'clock to-night. It's a regular conspiracy, and if you want to bag the lot you should put the arrest off till then."

"Why, I could not resist saying, 'you seem uncommonly keen on the arrest of Mr. Weyland, in spite of it being so distasteful to your client.'"

"Oh, it will teach old Tressilian to keep his wife in order," said Shone airily. "He's only got himself to blame for letting her bring you into the business, and I shall appreciate the advertisement of having given a lead to the police."

The fellow was insufferable but there was no way out of it but to make the arrest and recover the child on his information. As I wished for the purpose of the evidence I should have to present in court, to pursue some inquiries on my own account, I fell in with Shone's suggestion, and consented to defer the final overthrow of Mr. Ralph Weyland's scheme until evening.

Before we parted I asked Shone who was the other man with whom Weyland and his wife had the appointment.

"I couldn't overhear his name," was the reply. "But he is some pal of Weyland's from whom they expect to obtain an advance of money to enable them to take the boy out of the country."

When I approached Lime Tree Villa at 10 o'clock that night, a tall, spare phantom and a stout one, gilded from the shadows at the roadside to meet me and my two constables. It was so dark that only when I was close up did I recognize Shone and his toady.

"I am come to enjoy my triumph," whispered the expert. "I was willing to stake my reputation from the first that Ralph Weyland had got the boy, so it is only fair that I should see the coping stone put on my theory—especially as you didn't quite see eye to eye with me, inspector."

I had not expected to see Shone there, but never was I more glad to see anyone in my life. Ignoring the nasty hint that he had come in person to see that I did not allow Weyland to escape in order to spite an unofficial rival I gave instructions to one of my men. When the occupants of the villa emerged he was to enter the house at once and take possession of little Maurice. The other constable was to accompany me in the wake of the culprits so that we could surprise them at their rendezvous.

We had not long to wait before a man and a woman came out of the gates. With the exception of the officer told off to remain the rest of us moved off directly after them, and, guided by the footsteps of our quarry, followed them along Acacia Grove, across a short connecting road, and so into another thoroughfare running parallel with the one whence we had started. The man and woman turned into the grounds of a small house which, like most of those around, was embowered in trees. The front door faced the road, and from two open French windows at the side of the house, a gentle glow of lamplight shone upon a cluster of laurel bushes.

"Let them gain admission, and then we will make an audience at the window," was my whispered order, which was acted on directly the door was closed. Stealing to the laurels, we enconced ourselves, just as the visitors were shown into the room by a maid servant. A good looking man of forty, and a dark eyed little lady a decade younger, sitting at dessert were regarding the newcomers with puzzled surprise.

"For conspirators the parties don't seem particularly well acquainted," I whispered in Shone's ear, drawing from him a suppressed snort.

"Good evening, sir," began the male visitor, a dissipated fellow with a husky voice. "I and the missus have had a stroke of luck by which you can benefit if you'll make it worth our while—two thousand quid, in fact, to go abroad with."

The female visitor, a coarse-featured Hebraic woman, took us the parable. "We should never trouble you again, and the kid should never be heard of," she put in.

"The fact is this blamed old coun-

try is too hot to hold us, and we are in a hurry to cross the 'ditch' to New York."

"I really do not understand you extraordinary people," murmured the gentleman of the house, his hand intuitively seeking the bell.

"Don't go too fast," said the first speaker. "We have got old Tressilian's boy and taken a sight of trouble to get him, planting a nurse on 'em, hiring the opposite house and all. Now, isn't it worth your while to do a deal—on the basis of total disappearance of yours truly and the young 'un as well? It occurred to us through living near and hearing that you were a needy toff that we might be mutually useful. So we just worked up the scheme."

The owner of the house rose slowly from his chair and with a swift jerk of the hand seized the man by the collar. "You infernal scoundrel!" he said. "So that is the secret of my cousin's disappearance it? You thought I was fair game for a dirty bargain and subsequent blackmail. You have come to the wrong shop, my son; I'm going to send for the police."

I sprang through the window. "I'll save you the trouble, Mr. Weyland," I said. "Here, Jem, you take the woman," indicating the female intruder to my constable.

"But—but—but—" spluttered Shone, who had followed us in. "This is Weyland," and he pointed to the scowling fellow of whom I had relieved his original captor.

"No, Mr. Radford Shone," I said quietly. "This gentleman here who has just given him into my custody, is Mr. Ralph Weyland. Having had the honor of serving under him in the Coldstream ten years ago, I thought from the first that you had bungled it. And I haven't even to thank you for finding the boy, for my own claw would have done that."

"Delighted to see you Hammond, I remember you well; but I'm in a bit of a fog," said Mr. Weyland, shaking me by the hand. "What does it all mean?"

"It means that Mr. Radford Shone has jumped to too many conclusions for absolute accuracy," I replied. "When Lord Tressilian called him in to find the boy he pitched on you as the most interested party. Conclusion one. Then Lord Tressilian told him that you lived at Acacia Villa, Lime Grove, and in Shone coming down here to pry about, Lime Tree Villa, Acacia Grove, when he saw it on the gate, 'was near enough for a genius with his mind made up. Conclusion two. I was in a fog myself till I made a few inquiries this afternoon and found out the real name of your house—Acacia Villa. And this so distant Captain Masterman I recognize as Denver Joe, an American 'crook,' for whom we have been looking for a long while."

"By George," Captain Weyland cried, "it all comes of having to live in a suburb of unbraggingly named streets and houses. Lydia, dear, Mr. Radford Shone looks ill; get him a glass of wine."

A Little But Costly Mistake

Through a very simple mistake a business man of this city was forced to spend a good deal of his tightly held cash the other night. He was scheduled to take his wife of the theatre. Business took him to New York in the day time, so he told his wife, as he was leaving the house, that he would try to get tickets and would let her know before getting on the train. After securing the tickets he forgot all about informing his wife, and when he arrived in New York he suddenly remembered and sent this telegram. "Have gotten tickets. Meet me at Broad Street Station." When he came back to town he was met by his wife and eight other relatives and friends, all ready for the theatre. "We're all here, waiting for you," cried his wife; "it's so good of you to invite me." "Why, what do you mean?" asked the amazed husband. "Here's your telegram," answered the wife, and there it was as large as life, just as the telegrapher had made it. "Have got ten tickets."—Philadelphia Record.

Making Money in Fiji

A certain enterprising English man and his wife, who were getting rich very slowly indeed keeping a country store in Fiji, resolved to try whether the magic bean might not do for them what it had done for others in South America and the West Indies.

So, in the face of some actual opposition and continual ridicule, they expended their little capital of £250 on the leasing of eight acres of warm, sheltered valley land and the planting of 9,000 cuttings of good Mexican vanilla.

At the end of three years the reward came, for the plants were yielding splendidly and were expected to give about 2,000 pounds of dried beans, bringing an average price of 10 shillings a pound. As this would amount to \$22,500, it would appear that they were quite justified in staking their initial \$1,000 on the magic bean.

Dove Killing in Georgia

The biggest dove shoot of the year in this section and one of the biggest ever held was pulled off on a plantation in Lee County. A field of several hundred acres in extent had been baited daily for a period of several weeks. There were between 125 and 150 gunners in the field when the birds began flying. Just after dawn, and it is probable that more than 6,000 doves were killed. —Atlanta Constitution.